

The Tragidie

Thou hast cald me all these bitter names.

*Qu. Mar.* Why so I did, but looke for no reply:  
O let me make the period to my curie.

*Glo.* Tis done by me and ends by *Margret*.  
Thus haue you breathed your curse against your selfe.

*Qu. Ma.* Poore painted *Queene*, vaine flourish of my fortune:  
Why strewst thou iugar one that botled spider,

Whose deadly web insnareth thee about?  
Foole foole thou wherst a knife to kill thy selfe,

The time will come when thou shalt wish for me,  
To helpe thee curse that poisoned bunch backt toade,

*Hast.* False boasting woman, end thy frantick curse,  
Least to thy harme thou moue our patience.

*Qu. M.* Foule shame vpon you, you haue all mou'd mine.

*R.* Were you well seru'd you would beraught your duty.

*Qu. Ma.* To serue me well, you should doe me duty,  
Teach mee to bee your *Queene*, and you my subiects:  
Obserue me well and teach your selues that dutie.

*Dor.* Dispute not with her she is lunatique.

*Qu. Ma.* Peace master *Marquesse*, you are malapert,  
Your fire-new stampe of honour is scarce currant:

O that your young nobility could iudge,  
What 't were to loose it and be miserable?

They that stand high, haue many blasts to shake them,  
And if they fall they dash them to peeces.

*Glo.* Good counsell marry, learne it, learne it *Marques*,

*Dor.* It toucheth you (my Lord) as much as me.

*Glo.* Yea, and much more, but I was borne so high,  
Our aery buildeth in the Cædars top,  
And dallies with the winde, and scornes the sunne.

*Qu. Ma.* And turues the Sunne to shade, alas, alas,  
Witness my sunne now in the shade of death,  
Whose bright outshining beames, thy cloudy wrath,

Hath in eternall darkenesse foulded vp:

Your aery buildeth in our aeries nest,

O God that seekest it, doe not suffer it:

As it was won with blood, lost be it so.

*Buck.* Haue done for shame, if not for charity.

*Qu. M.* Vnge neither charity nor shame to me,

of Richard the Th

Vncharitably with me haue you dea  
And shamefully by you my hopes a  
My charity is outrage, life my shame,  
And in my shame shall liue my sorro  
*Buck.* Haue done.

*Q. Mar.* O princely *Buckingham*  
In signe of league and amity with th  
Now faire befall thee and thy Princel  
Thy garments are not spotted with  
Nor thou within the compasse of my

*Buck.* Nor none heere for curses n  
The lips of them that breath them in

*Qu. Mar.* Ile not belecue but they  
And there awake Gods gentle sleepin

O *Buckingham* beware of yonder d  
Looke when he faunes he bites, and v

His venome tooth will rangle thee to  
Haue not to doe with him, beware o

Sinne, death, and hell haue set their n  
And all their ministers attend on him

*Glo.* What doth she say my Lord o  
*Buck.* Nothing that I respect my g

*Qu. Mar.* What doest thou scorne  
And sooth the diuell that I warne th

O but remember this another day,  
When he shall split thy very heart w

And say poore *Margret* was a Pro  
Liue each of you, the subiect of his h

And he to you, and all of you to Go  
*Hast.* My haire doth stand an end

*R.* And so doth mine, I wond  
*Glo.* I cannot blame her by Gods

She hath had too much wrong, and I  
My part thereof that I haue done.

*Hast.* I neuer did her any to my l  
*Glo.* But you haue all the vantage

I was too hot to doe some body goo  
That is to cold in thinking one it ne

Marry as for *Clarence*, hee is well rep

Vnchar

C 3